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The Nation Mourns the Death of Its Beloved President, William McKinley

Calmly the Nation's Chief Passed Into Valley of Death---Mrs. McKinley With Him During Last Conscious Moments.

When Knowledge of the Approaching End Came to Him He Asked for His Wife, the Companion to Whom He Had Been All Love for Thirty Years.

BUFFALO, September 14.--President McKinley died at 2:15 this morning. His last breath passed calmly and almost imperceptibly. Peace and forgiveness were written on his white face. He had been unconscious for several hours before the end came, and his death was free from pain.

Secretary Cortelyou made the announcement. He came out of the Milburn house and walked slowly to the newspaper men, who had congregated behind the rope barrier.

"The President died at 2:15 o'clock," he said in an even tone. He then turned and walked back to the house, maintaining, even after all was over, the calm demeanor which has characterized all his actions during the anxious days and the sleepless nights which have passed since the President was shot.

All night the President battled with death. At 10 o'clock he was alone in the combat. Science, skill, infinite tenderness, were beaten and hopeless. Surgeons and physicians measured his brief span by moments. They had no hope and offered none. Mystified, baffled and defeated, they stood aside and left William McKinley alone to face the inevitable.

Meanwhile the Nation--the world--stood watching for the final word. Buffalo, where the President was assassinated, stood agape with horror and rage. Doctors of known and heralded cunning were summoned from all available quarters. They came by special trains, and were rushed into the presence of death and its unyielding victim. The wires were hot with summonses for the Vice-President, for the Cabinet, for the friends nearest to the dying man, and they came.

From all quarters men who have known the dying man as a man first and then as a leader of his people came rushing, pale with sad-eyed and hopeless grief.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the first wild rumor that the President was dead spread through Buffalo. Heart failure, the first ominous sinking of a mighty physique, had given the doctors warning, and their fears spoke from their white faces as they came and went in the Milburn house.

There was no hope then, and in five minutes the waiting world knew it. Conscious of impending danger and fearless of it, he asked for his wife. She came to him, and, holding his hand in speechless grief, gave to him the new courage which drugs and physicians could not give. The clocks spun round and round, and the doctors, waiting in gloomy groups, wondered that he fought so long. Rumors of death went down Delaware avenue at every new manifestation of grief and despair. But he was not dead. His wife, his imminent duties to his country, his indomitable hatred of defeat, all bore him up and kept aloof the final shadow.

But his symptoms grew worse. He rallied and failed by turns. Oxygen and digitalis had but slight effect upon his pulse and respiration. For he did not live, but would not die, and the people and the world wondered.

As the unconfirmed stories of the President's death flew from mouth to mouth in Buffalo, an enraged and sorrowing multitude gathered and swept toward the prison where the assassin lay. Barriers were hastily thrown across the streets, mounted policemen, State troops and marines were hurried to the scene and for hours after night fell the jail was like a threatened fortress. In the streets, cafes and public places men met and talked with bated breaths. All day they talked of the President's heroic struggle, his gentleness and his cheerfulness. But when they knew that these were all in vain, they raged silently and forgot everything but revenge.

The President was practically without nourishment all day. His relapse of Thursday night had warned his doctors against solid food. In despairing anxiety they resorted to stimulants, and all morning yesterday they fought off the impending collapse. It was shortly after daylight that he opened his eyes, and, looking out of the window opposite his bed, said: "It is not as bright as yesterday."

His heart rallied a little in the morning hours, but it was his indomitable courage and not the drugs which spurred it on. Till noon he held his own and the anxious doctors told the world in guarded words that there was yet hope. It was past midday when he entered upon his final struggle. The thousands gathered at the Pan-American Exposition, the Nation and the outside world, were not prepared even then for a realization that the worst was at hand.

A furious rainstorm was sweeping over the city when the first ominous announcement came from the Buchanan house: "President McKinley is dying. He can live but a few moments."

Then Signal Service operators took possession of the telegraph wires leading to the house of death. Cabinet officers and members of the President's family began to arrive and the beginning of the end had come.

At 11 o'clock last night Dr. Janeway, the famous heart specialist, arrived in an electric carriage at the Milburn house. Soon after it was announced that the President might live for several hours. But even then his limbs were growing cold and his pulse was fluttering. Within the house was aglow. Within the wife was paying the last tribute to the dying sweetheart of thirty years. Dr. Rixey led her into the room, and, as she laid her hand alongside his, she sobbed, "I cannot let him go."

At half an hour past midnight Coroner Wilson arrived at the

Milburn house and another unfounded announcement of McKinley's death was quickly telegraphed to all parts of the country.

He left as soon as he found that the order summoning him was a mistake. But the President, now finally unconscious and breathing but faintly, struggled on. Midnight, 1 and 2 o'clock, found him wavering on the verge and the men of science could but stand and marvel at the wondrous, but hopeless, fight which he had maintained so long. Intervals of apparent consciousness came upon him. Sometimes he opened his fading eyes and gazed calmly around. At 2 o'clock the dim, gray light began to fall across his shrunken face, his lips moved, silently at first as if in prayer, and then the whisper came, "Death now."

President McKinley's death was entirely painless. He had been sinking gradually, but steadily throughout the entire night, and for almost four hours had been unconscious. When the end finally came Dr. Rixey, alone of the physicians, was with him but so gradual was the approach of death that it is difficult to say the exact second he breathed his last. Dr. Rixey, standing by the bedside, held the President's hand, felt for the pulse that was imperceptible. Bending forward he felt the President's heart and listened for the breath that was not drawn and announced the end.

With the physician in the room at the time was Secretary Cortelyou, Senator Hanna and a few of the members of the family.

Mrs. McKinley was not present. When the announcement was first made to her that her husband could not live she seemed to be resigned and bore up bravely, but as the full significance of her loss came upon her she gave way under the strain, and at the time of her husband's death she was under the care of a physician and nurse. It is feared that she will recover from the loss of her husband with difficulty, if at all.

Up to 2:35 a. m. Mrs. McKinley had not been informed of the President's death.

MRS. MCKINLEY'S FAREWELL TO HER DYING HUSBAND

BUFFALO, Sept. 13.--Shortly after 8 o'clock this evening oxygen was administered to the President, and under its influence he was aroused. He was fully conscious and whispered to Dr. Rixey that he knew that the end was at hand. He asked to see his wife and Mrs. McKinley was sent for. She entered his room and it was apparent to all present that of the two principal figures in this intense drama, President McKinley, about to solve the great mystery, the more fully realized the significance of the awful moment. There was no fear in the features of the Nation's Executive.

Mrs. McKinley did not quite seem to realize that she was seeing her husband for the last time alive, and the President made it plain that his great solicitude was for the wife whom he had watched with such care and love.

Mrs. McKinley sank to her knees at the side of the bed; her husband's hands were clasped in hers; her head was bowed and buried in the bed covering. Sobs shook her for a moment, and then she looked up at Dr. Rixey, and, with almost a smile on her face, said: "I know that you will save him. I cannot let him go. The country cannot spare him."

President McKinley was lapsing into insensibility, and the physicians assisted Mrs. McKinley to her feet and led her from the room. On the outside, Mr. Milburn explained to Mrs. McKinley that the President was dying and that he could live till morning only in the event of a direct interposition of Providence. She then came to the full realization of the loss that was upon her and showed symptoms of collapse.

Herbert F. Bissell rushed to the assistance of the sorrowing wife, who was being literally supported by Mr. Milburn. Word was sent to Dr. Wasdin, who came from the President's chamber and administered restoratives. Little by little she came back to her normal condition, and at 8:30 was clear-minded and in full possession of her strength.

Several ladies were with her, and in their sympathy she found succor. To one she whispered: "I will be strong for his sake."

An attempt was made to persuade Mrs. McKinley to retire to get some rest. She refused. She said that her duty was there, and she would remain

within call of those who were with her husband.

Mrs. McKinley was again summoned to the bedside of her husband at 10 p. m. He roused sufficiently to recognize her and made a feeble movement as if to clasp her hand. Then his lips moved.

"God's will, not ours, be done," was his farewell utterance, both to his stricken wife and to life itself.

Then he sank into unconsciousness, and as Mrs. McKinley was tenderly led from his side she plainly realized the coming of her last great sorrow--the crowning affliction of a life full of grief, bravely borne.

As the minutes slowly passed her strength began to give way, and at 11 o'clock she was in a state of almost complete prostration. She seemingly did not know what was going on around her, and was at once placed under medical care.

When the President breathed his last Mrs. McKinley was in an adjoining room.

SCENES AT THE DEATHBED.

Cabinet and Mrs. McKinley See President During Consciousness.

MILBURN HOUSE, (Buffalo), Sept. 13.--Before 6 o'clock it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last sad offices of farewell from those who were nearest and dearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect in keeping back the approach of death.

The President came out of one period of unconsciousness, only to relapse into another. But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of profoundly touching character. Down stairs, with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the Cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about 6 o'clock.

One by one they ascended the stairway. Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock, Secretary Wilson were there. There was only a momentary stay of the Cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, tears streaming down their faces, and words of intense grief choking in their throats.

After they had left the sick room the physicians rallied him to consciousness, and the President asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man was lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The President, in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40 o'clock, chanted the words of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and his last audible words, as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside, were "Good-by, all; good-by. It is God's way. His will be done."

Then his mind began to wander, and soon he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen, and the President finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8:30 o'clock the administration of oxygen ceased and the pulse grew fainter and fainter. He was sinking gradually, like a child, into the eternal slumber. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremities, and they grew cold.

Below stairs the grief-stricken gathering waited sadly for the end. All evening those who had hastened there as fast as steel and steam could carry them continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages at a gallop or were whisked up in automobiles, all intent upon getting here before death came. One of the last to arrive was Attorney General Knox, who reached the house at 9:30 o'clock. He was permitted to go up stairs to look for the last time upon the face of his chief.

Despite the fact that vitality continued to ebb as midnight approached, no efforts were spared to keep the spark of life glowing. Dr. Janeway of New York city arrived at the station at 11:40 o'clock. He was shown to the President's room at once, and began an examination of the almost insensible form.

Secretary Long arrived at the Milburn house at 11:06 o'clock. This was his first visit to the city, and he

had the satisfaction of seeing the President alive, even though he was not conscious of his visitor's presence. The President did not again recover consciousness.

PLANS FOR THE FUNERAL AT NATIONAL CAPITAL

BODY TO LIE IN STATE IN CAPITOL BUILDING FOR ONE DAY.

Troops Will Be On Guard and When Remains Are Removed They Will Have a Large Military Escort--Interment at Canton.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.--The following official statement making important changes in the plans for the funeral service over the remains of President McKinley in this city was given to the press tonight:

In compliance with the earnest wishes of Mrs. McKinley that the body of her husband shall rest in her home at Canton, Wednesday night the following changes in the observance of the late President will be made:

Funeral services in the rotunda of the Capitol will be held Tuesday morning on the arrival of the escort which will accompany the remains from the White House. The body of the late President will lie in state in the rotunda for the remainder of Tuesday and will be escorted to the railroad station Tuesday evening. The funeral train will leave Washington at or about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening and thus will arrive at Canton, O., during the day Wednesday.

The heads of the various departments and their principal assistants were busy today making arrangements for the proper execution of so much of the funeral programme as fell to them, respectively. Secretary Hay came to his desk early in the morning and remained throughout the day. Though it was Sunday, cablegrams of condolence were still coming to the Department of State from all parts of the world.

In the War Department Acting Secretary Sanger was in consultation with General Gillespie, Colonel Ward and General Barry, arranging for transportation to Washington of the troops to participate in the funeral procession, making details for guard duty and other matters. General Randolph, chief of Artillery, who is to represent the Army at the Capital, arranged with Sergeant-at-Arms Ramsdell that they should co-operate in the management of the funeral ceremonies at the Capitol. Four private soldiers will stand watch day and night, one at each corner of the catafalque, so long as the remains of the late President shall lie in the Capitol building. A suitable guard will be maintained at the entrances and will keep the people in alignment when they are admitted to the Capitol to view the remains next Tuesday.

Acting Secretary Hackett ordered that a detail should be made consisting of two officers, four petty officers and twenty-one privates in the Marine Corps for duty at the Capitol next Tuesday to supplement the Army representation.

The special guard of honor to represent the Navy at the funeral ceremonies will comprise the following officers of high rank: Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Crovansfield, Rear-Admiral O'Neal, Paymaster-General Remsey and Brigadier-General Heywood of the Marine Corps.

While General Brooke will be in general charge of the military arrangements here, General Francis L. Guenther will be in command of the military contingent in the procession. Colonel Samuel Reber, son-in-law of General Miles, has been detailed to meet Mrs. McKinley and look specially after her comfort, while Colonel Henry H. Whitney of General Miles' staff has been ordered to perform a similar task for President Roosevelt.

At the Capitol Sergeant-at-Arms Ramsdell directed the preparation of the rotunda for the funeral service. The space in even this vast structure is entirely insufficient to meet the demand for admission of more than a fraction of the persons who believe they should be admitted to the services. The general public will be excluded, as the accommodations will not suffice for the officials who must be present. The diplomatic corps alone will occupy about 200 places, and in addition there will be the United States Supreme Court, the House of Representatives and a large number of officials, Army and Navy civilians. Every Army and Navy officer in Washington having been ordered to attend the funeral service they alone would consume a large portion of this seating space. The general public will have an opportunity to view the re-

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BUFFALO'S CITIZENS PAY TRIBUTE TO THE HONORED CHIEF MAGISTRATE

Thousands of People Line the Streets as the Funeral Cortege Passes From the Milburn House to the City Hall--Family Services at the House.

BUFFALO, September 15.--President McKinley's body started on its last earthly journey this morning. Members of his family and his personal friends will follow through four days more, while saddened people bow beside his bier, until the mortal husk of his soul shall find its last resting place in Canton beside his mother.

The funeral service of William McKinley, the man, took place in Milburn house, where he died, this morning. There were gathered men and women who knew and loved him before an admiring Nation elevated him to the highest state man can attain, but did not isolate him from those he knew in humbler days. That was as he would have had it. The simple ceremony, simple as the nature of the man it commemorated, was arranged by men who knew his heart. It was conducted by the son of his old pastor and one who, as a boy, had sat upon his knee to prattle boyish troubles into his willing ear. There was a prayer for his soul; for heavenly support in their sorrow of those he left. His favorite verses of Scripture were read; his favorite hymns were sung. Then the family and friends took their last look upon the dear face.

The funeral of William McKinley, the President, commenced this afternoon in the official residence of the city where he died. There again everything was as he, who never denied the people's desire to meet him face to face and paid with his life the self-sacrifice, would have had it. From noon into another day, reverent thousands upon thousands flowed past his bier, taking a last look on the face they, too, loved for what it meant to them and to their country.

The funeral cortege left the Milburn house at 11:45 o'clock. Slowly and solemnly, in time to the funeral march, it moved between the crowds of men, women and children, stretching away two miles and a half to the City Hall. Nearly to hours were required to traverse the distance. Fully 50,000 people saw it pass. They were packed into windows, perched on roofs, massed on verandas and compressed into solid masses, covering the broad sidewalks and grass plots. Most of them stood bareheaded as it passed. All eyes were on the hearse, which carried the mortal remains of William McKinley. The Sixty-fifth Regiment band of the New York National Guard led the line. Behind it was the military escort and a full battalion of soldiers made up of National Guardsmen, United States Infantry, United States Artillery and United States Marines. Then came the carriages of the President, members of the Cabinet and dignitaries, preceding the hearse.

Behind the military escort came a line of carriages of friends, associates in soul of the dead President. The wailing cadence of Chopin's funeral march rose and fell. The liquid tones of bells came up from the southward to mellow Chopin's funeral cry with a note of hope. While the military band poured out its music, the chimes in the belfry of old St. Paul's Cathedral reverently sang "Abide With Me," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and then "America."

All night the decorators had been at work preparing the City Hall. Funeral bunting was draped inside and outside. During the storm of the early morning the exterior decorations were torn down and some of the bunting became entangled in the machinery of the great clock on the tower. It stopped with its hands pointed to 2:15 o'clock, the hour at which the President had breathed his last on the preceding night.

A block away ropes had been stretched across the streets leading to the City Hall, and behind these the crowds were massed in thousands. Its mere weight pushed the ropes out of place, and the police were constantly overpowered in holding the crowd in line against the impatient multitude which neither dread of rain nor storm itself could disturb.

The head of the funeral line reached the City Hall a few minutes after the military escort marched down past the main entrance, wheeled into line and came to "present arms." At that moment the storm which had been threatening broke. Rain fell in torrents and belated thunder pealed through it.

The carriages carrying President Roosevelt and Cabinet members rolled up and the occupants alighted. The hearse came, and four sergeants of the United States Army and four quartermasters from the naval detachment lifted the casket and the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." There were no flowers on the casket, but its top was covered with wreaths of immortelles.

President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet were gathered in the rotunda of the hall. From the pillars and staircases hung draperies of black and white bunting in the main corridor, running through from east to west. Another corridor, crossing at right angles, was banked up with potted plants. It had been arranged that the crowds should enter the wide corridor at the eastern entrance and pass out at the western entrance. Half way a low sloping platform draped in black had been placed for the coffin. It was so arranged that the head of the coffin could be slightly higher than its foot, which was toward the east. Directly above the spot where the coffin was to lie a circular opening to the second floor had been completely covered by a dome of black bunting, within which hung straight down above the coffin four flags, forming a cross with the lower edges, a cross which pointed to the four points of the compass.

President Roosevelt and the Cabinet members ranged themselves about the spot where the President's body was to rest. President Roosevelt stood at the foot of the coffin, on the right side, with Secretary Root opposite and facing him. On President Roosevelt's left were Attorney-General Knox, Secretary Long and Secretary Wilson.

On Mr. Root's right hand were Postmaster-General Smith, Secretary Hitchcock and Mr. Cortelyou, the President's private secretary. The casket was open. The lower half was draped with flags,

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